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Summary:

A weekend get-away filled with smut, fire-gazing, smut, champagne-drinking, deeply philosophical conversations, lots of smut, and more smut.

Love Shack

Author's Note:

> Here's your whopper for the weekend, darlings. Enjoy. <3
>
> Billy POV by ficsandfuckery (women-seem-wicked on tumblr), Steve POV by blithesea (bites-heal on tumblr).

Billy takes a little while to get used to the handling of the car; the steering so much less responsive than what he's used to and the manual transmission something he's been grateful to be rid of since he got the Camaro. By the time he's driving comfortably, soft snores are issuing from Steve's side and he glances over to see that his boyfriend has slumped into the niche between the back of his seat and his window, his breath fogging up the glass slightly with every breath.

"*Pretty boy*," Billy smiles, and switches the music off with a click, turning his eyes back to the road ahead and keeping his right hand on the gear shift only through a massive force of will. Steve looks so soft and warm and *comfortable* in his sleep it almost hurts not to touch him, to stroke his hair, to watch his face. *Creep*, he thinks to himself dismissively. *Leave the fucking guy alone. He needs whatever sleep he can get.*

Billy thinks unhappily about the apparent resurgence of Steve's mysterious nightmares last night and glances at him again for a moment. Wonders, not for the first time, what they're about. Wishes he could help. Feels like a fool for getting so invested in something that's so clearly *not his problem*.

He's so caught up in his thoughts that before he knows it he's been driving for almost an hour and just barely catches the last sign for the interstate with a muttered curse and some quick illegal maneuvering it's a blessing no one is around to see. The Volvo corners like a tank and Billy quietly vows not to attempt another move like that at that kind of speed as he shifts off of the dirt shoulder and onto the road,

building to a more timid hundred miles per hour this time.

Steve shifts in his seat and lets out a mildly displeased little hum but stays deeply asleep, and though Billy believes firmly that that should *not* be endearing, that doesn't change the facts.

He occupies his mind with pointless Calculus equations for a while, and hums a little to himself until he suddenly realizes that what he's humming is the mournful, dreamy repeated verse of the one love song on the album they'd been listening to before and abruptly stops, glancing over at Steve with a warmth in his cheeks he's infinitely glad his boyfriend isn't awake to witness. The song doesn't apply to them - *yet*, a dark part of his mind offers up - but he has no doubt as to why *that's* the one song he has stuck in his head and not one of the ones about searching for the nightlife or whatever else.

After a while he glances at the clock and grimaces. He really oughta wake Steve if they're gonna get wherever they're supposed to be going tonight. He takes Steve's left hand in his and kisses it.

"Hey, pretty boy," he says. "It's time to wake up and tell me where the hell we're going." He bites Steve's thumb a little, softly. "This is cute and all, Harrington, but if we get lost out in the middle of Indi-fucking-ana I'm not talking to you for a month."

Still nothing.

He shakes his head and slows the car to a safe fifty miles an hour and leans over into Steve's space, glancing at the road one more time before he presses his lips into Steve's exposed neck and kisses him, bringing a hand up to hold him close as he sucks a mark into the soft, warm skin.

--

"Augh!" Steve wakes up with a jump, his hand flying to the sting on his neck. "What the…"

He looks at Billy, feeling victimised. "Did you just try to eat me?" he asks, mind still a little muddled from sleep. He glances around to see where he is, and feels like he just woke up in the Twilight Zone. His

mom's car? Oh, right.

Billy is looking at him, clearly amused, and Steve is still a little out of it. Must be, to find that expression unbearably irresistible on his boyfriend. He leans closer and feels a bit calmer. "Hey," he says, pressing a kiss to Billy's lips, just a quick one, to remind his sleepy self of what's important.

Then he glances at the front and realises they are still driving.

"Oh my god, watch the road!" There's nothing in the road, and Billy is steering with an eerie calm, but still. "Are you kidding me? I'm never letting you drive again, stop the car!"

—

Billy rolls his eyes and turns back to the road, slowing the car further but not stopping it.

"Give me directions or we're spending the night in a cornfield, baby," he says calmly, threading the fingers of his right hand through Steve's left.

--

"Well, where the fuck are we?" Steve squints at the darkness as they pass a road sign. "Oh, wow. How long was I out?"

He glances at the clock on the dash, taps it. "Fuck, did you floor it all the way?"

But at least he's feeling more awake with every passing second. "There's a gas station coming up in a few miles, let's top off there. We're going off the highway right after that."

—

Billy nods and kisses Steve's fingers before letting them go and returning his right hand to the gear shift so he can pick up speed once again, though not nearly as much as he had while Steve was asleep. He gets the impression Steve might not even know this car can do 150, and he doesn't fancy being the one to show him, not

right now.

They fill up at the gas station, and stretch their legs for a second before returning to the car. Billy is gratified that Steve returns to the passenger's seat without complaint, quickly pulling a map from the glove compartment and unfolding it half-way to confirm his remembrance of where they are. He directs Billy for another half hour of increasingly close-together turns, going ever further from society and ever higher in elevation, until the road suddenly stops, and Billy throws the car into park with a questioning look out the window, and then at Steve.

"Where the hell are we?" he asks, as the headlights die and leave them in what feels like complete and total darkness.

--

Steve feels a surge of giddiness now that they are actually *here*.

"C'mon!" He says, grinning excitedly, and jumps out of the car. Billy is following him cautiously, and Steve takes his hand, going closer to the little ledge. You can't see much of the spectacular view over the lake at this late hour, but there's enough to make out the feeling that they are entirely alone. And, oh man, the stars. All the stars in the entire universe. Steve pulls Billy close, wraps his arms around him.

"Isn't it great?" He purrs against Billy's neck. "Just you and me, and a sleeping bag."

—

Billy shivers glances around them at the blackness he presumes would all be woods, if he could see it. He follows Steve's lead and gazes up at the stars. Has to admit they're beautiful. Overwhelming even. But as far as dates go…

"You're kidding, right?" he grimaces, holding Steve close. "Fuck, we coulda slept in the woods in Hawkins if that's what you wanted, Harrington."

A bat screeches nearby and he pulls Steve closer, not sure if he's hoping to protect or be protected.

“This is real romantic and all, but baby, I think I win this round, no contest.”

--

“Oh, this is a competition now?” Steve smiles softly against Billy’s neck. “You know I brought the big tent too, right? The one with extra cuddle space?”

Billy’s face is such a struggle of not showing his outright disgust, Steve has to hold on to him just to not burst out laughing.

“Ok, lover boy,” he says, sighing a bit. “If this isn’t enough to get you in the mood, guess I’ll have to break out the big guns.”

He takes Billy’s hand and pulls him along the little path to the cabin, digging in his pockets for the keys. It’s cold inside, but as soon as he hits the lights, pleasant old memories illuminate the place just as the homely lighting does.

“All right. *Mi casa es su casa*,” he presses a kiss to Billy’s cheek and makes for the fireplace to get a nice fire started.

—

Billy stares around the warmly lit cabin for a moment before speaking, still standing on the welcome mat where Steve left him.

“Whose cabin is this?” he asks, breathing in the smell of dust and forest and old wood fire and feeling almost nostalgic for the moment he’s currently living. “Is this *yours*?” he doubts for some reason. After all, the Harringtons’ *first* house is about four times the size of his only one, so why *wouldn’t* they have a seasonal home as well?

--

“Well, yeah,” Steve shrugs. He’s trying to get a fire going, but he can feel Billy come up behind him. He looks up at him and shoots him a quick smile before returning back to his kindling. “We used to come here a lot, when I was little. Or at least it felt that way.”

The paper is a bit damp, but he manages to get bits of it to catch.

“My mom doesn’t like it anymore, though. Pretty sure that’s because she once found some earrings in the couch cushions that definitely weren’t hers…”

He winces at the memory. Shrugs it off. “We mostly lend it to friends now. You know, for weekends. There’s a weekly maid service that comes by.”

None of that has anything to do with anything, but, well. Billy asked.

—

Billy glances back at Steve as he stands from the little fire he’s managed to start in the grate, and frowns. He gets the feeling Steve’s holding himself back from the whole story, and though their experiences have been vastly different, he understands at least the tension and struggle of family drama when you’re the only child. Wants to make Steve know he’s not alone, but he’s not good at those things. Doesn’t know how to show that. He pulls him close and lines their bodies up front to back. Presses a kiss into Steve’s neck. .

“Weekly maid service, eh baby?” he purrs in his ear, and rolls his hips against Steve with purpose. “Now why would *that* be relevant information, d’you think?” he teases, turning his head to meet Steve’s eye over his shoulder and pressing their lips together in a kiss.

His hands move to Steve’s shoulder and his hip, draped over across him, holding him close. He presses soft kisses into his neck.

“Before we do that though, baby, we need food,” he says practically. “Or at least I do. I’m starving. What’ve we got?”

--

“I got mountains of food,” Steve says, quite proud of himself. “Get everything we have in the car, put it in the kitchen.” He gives Billy a quick kiss, then slaps his ass. “Go. The sooner you come back, the sooner we can eat.”

Billy sends him a *look*, but actually does as he’s told. Steve busies himself around the cabin, airs out the bedroom, turns on the central heating, stokes the fire. He is checking out the kitchen cabinets when

Billy returns. Steve takes the big basket he brought from home and starts unpacking it.

“So we got sandwiches and chicken and salad and stuff, do you want anything hot? I could, um.” He looks into a drawer. “I could heat up some soup, or pasta. We probably have pasta. Oh hey, some of the sandwiches are cheese, we could grill those.”

--

Billy slots himself in behind Steve again, looking at all the food he’s mentioned and more over his shoulder.

“Damn, baby,” he marvels, picking up one of the sandwiches and inspecting it with a slightly raised an eyebrow. “You worried about keeping up our strength? I think this just might be enough,” he pulls their hips close and winks.

—

“It’s just some stuff from home,” Steve shrugs. “Like I said, if you want pasta there’s probably some in one of the cabinets, but that would take awhile… We could have the soup while we wait, I think Greta made tomato.” He pops the top off a big thermos and nods. “The sandwiches are BLTs and, uh. Pastrami, maybe? Something. She packed some egg salad, too.”

He checks the fridge and grins. “Look at this. *Thanks for a lovely weekend, have one on us, Tom and Becky*. Thanks, I think we will.” He grabs the magnum bottle of champagne and a couple of nice, cool beers and puts some of the drinks they brought into the fridge in exchange.

--

“Thank *you* Tom and Becky,” Billy smirks. “Don’t think I’ve ever been drunk on champagne before, but there’s a first time for everything. Why don’t we dig into those drumsticks and the salad? Maybe some pasta or something too… Nothing too crazy,” he says. “I wanna get to dessert as soon as possible.” He presses his lips into Steve’s neck for a kiss, then bites him a little with a smirk, pulling him close.

--

“Just grab anything you want,” Steve says, reaching for some plates, then yelps when Billy grabs him firmly from behind.

“You dick,” he says, but can’t help a grin. It makes his head a bit dizzy, the fact that they have the time to fool around, be idiotic together. No school bell to ring the end of their time, no movie credits to chase them off. They can do whatever they like, for as long as they like. It’s a bit hard to believe, after all the sneaking around.

“Get the food, I want to sit in front of the fire,” Steve says, taking the plates, drinks and a couple of long, elegant champagne flutes to go.

--

Billy watches Steve go for a moment before grabbing the containers of chicken and salad, and a couple sandwiches as an afterthought because pasta will take forever and he’s fucking hungry.

--

Steve settles on the rug in front of the fire, takes the champagne bottle and opens it easily, and then fills their glasses. He takes some of the food off Billy to help him sit down, and fills a plate. “Fuck yeah,” he moans when he bites into a sandwich, only then realising he’s fucking ravenous. “I guess we burned off a lot of calories on the way…”

--

Billy laughs and digs into the salad first, which is about a world away from the bland things Susan puts together with iceberg lettuce, carrots, and dressing. The heat from the fire is almost uncomfortable this close, but he prefers it over the cold they just came from, and it’s so good to be able to sit all stretched out like this on the area rug, one leg almost brushing Steve’s.

He takes one of the champagne glasses and holds it up for Steve to clink.

“Alright, you win this round, Harrington,” he smirks. “This is fucking

perfect."

--

Steve clinks the glass and takes a nice long drink. "I still think just you and me and that sleeping bag would have been awesome," he says, "But I guess that kinda thing is a bit too much for you soft California kids…"

He grins at Billy and digs into his sandwich.

--

Billy rolls his eyes and returns to the salad, picking up a drumstick as he puts the champagne down.

"Y'know somebody once told me that hypothermia doesn't count as a good time in Indiana," he says, trying to eat neatly while putting away as much as he can. "I'd rather be somewhere where I can see your bare ass all night. Call me crazy." He winks.

--

"Mmmh, alright. I'll give you that. I wanna see you naked before you finish that salad," Steve decides, polishing off his sandwich and reaching for another. "To nudity," he toasts.

--

"Mm nudity," Billy agrees and clinks their glasses together. They drink deeply.

"*Before* I finish the salad," he raises an eyebrow. "And how do you propose to do that?" he asks, turning his attention pointedly to the chicken he's already started.

--

"Well, I was kinda hoping for a bit of your cooperation," Steve says while he tops off their glasses, and reaches for a chicken drumstick.

"But alright. I think it's great that we aren't on any kind of clock for

once," he admits, dropping the banter for a moment. "Maybe I'll give you until the end of this bottle to get naked, instead."

--

Billy laughs and digs the last of the meat from the bone in his hand.

"*That* I think we can manage," he says.

It doesn't take them long to finish most of the food in front of them, Billy stealing the tomatoes from Steve's salad when he discovers he doesn't like them. They banter and pour more wine and by the time they're done they're both feeling warm and buzzed and happy.

"We gotta get this shit out of the way, I can't lay down," Steve complains, shoving their plates a little with his foot.

"I'll strip an item of clothing for every thing you take back to the kitchen," Billy bribes shamelessly, already on his back enjoying the softness of the rug on his cheek as he looks up at his boyfriend.

--

"Fuck," Steve sighs, getting up is going to be so *hard*. He doesn't want to.

Taking a swig from the big champagne bottle (because who needs glasses, champagne flutes are for losers, he decides), he slumps further down on the fluffy rug.

"I'll blow you if you take the stuff back to the kitchen," he tempts. "You could, uh. Fuck my mouth if you want." He doesn't really know if he can do that, but the champagne and the softness around his mind seem to suggest that he'll be *great* at it.

"If you put the plates into the dishwasher, too," he adds, because damn, he's not gonna sell himself too cheap if he can help it.

--

"Jesus," Billy reaches over and pulls Steve down a bit to press their lips together slowly. "That sounds fucking hot, baby," he groans and

licks into his mouth before letting Steve pull away and sitting himself up slowly. He grabs all the stuff from their dinner and stacks it up into his arms, before leaning down for one more kiss. “I’ll be back,” he says. “Drink some champagne while I’m gone,” he suggests. “I’ll bring us water too. We’re gonna need it.”

--

“Water?” Steve asks, because the thought seems absurd. What for? He’d rather have some more champagne, as Billy suggested. It seems like Billy is back again in a second, Steve hardly noticed him rummaging around in the kitchen.

“Mmmmmh,” Steve says, leaning his head back. “I was kinda hoping you were gonna say I could fuck you, if I put away the dishes,” he remarks wistfully. “Because I really want to. Fuck you. Because that was really good, when we did that…”

--

Billy smirks and toes off his boots.

“Are you already feeling that champagne, baby?” he asks with a laugh. Sets down the waters on the coffee table before he pushes Steve onto his back and kneels down to lay on top of him, holding himself up on his elbows to plant kisses on his lips. “You better not get so drunk you can’t keep it up, ‘cause you are most *definitely* going to fuck me tonight.”

--

“Maybe I am?” Steve says and smiles into the kiss. “But not drunk, as in really drunk. Pleasnantly buzzed, maybe…” He runs his hand down Billy’s back, cups the swell of his ass.

“But that’s good to know,” he says softly, giving Billy’s ass a fond squeeze.

--

Billy frowns a little, faint recollection of the words coming to mind, but it’s hazy. Is Steve quoting him? He sounds like he is. But

whatever, there are bigger, more pressing matters right now, like touching Steve's pretty lips with everything he fucking can. He kisses him again, gently.

"You're still gonna blow me, though, right?" he asks. "I don't have to finish, I just… your lips are so good, baby," he groans and licks them before pressing in for more kisses.

--

"Of course," Steve says magnanimously, and leans in close to lick Billy's lips. They are such nice lips, and they know so well how to kiss him breathless. He touches Billy's hair, brushes it out of his eyes. "I'm a fucking man of my word, especially where fucking is concerned."

--

Billy reaches down between them and pulls Steve's shirt out of his jeans, untucking it. Traces his fingers along the smooth curves of his hips and his waist and his stomach as he lifts it further.

"I like that about you, Harrington," he says, his voice going low as he sits up a bit and rocks their hips together with a sigh, Steve's belly exposed from the top of his jeans now to just above the bottom of his ribs, and so beautifully reactive to the touch as his breath catches too. Billy makes the same move again, harder, just to see his ab muscles clench.

"Mm I like this about you too," he says generally, running his hands over the soft, goldenish skin and this time circling his hips so their cocks press down over each other like speed bumps and his feels so small next to Steve's - it's a fucking turn-on he never knew he had.

Suddenly he wants nothing more than to feel them together, nothing between them. Confirm his suspicions about relative size. Feel that friction from their cocks. He pulls the button and zip open on his jeans first, and frantically shucks his jeans and underwear down over his ass to let his cock spring free with a sigh. Then he turns to Steve's.

--

“Wait, let me…” Steve tries very enthusiastically to help, it feels like he’s waited forever for some actual naked time. Their fingers seem to hinder each other more than they help, though. With a frustrated sigh, Steve leans back and just lets Billy do his thing.

“You know you’re hot as hell?” He hasn’t meant it as a blanket statement, more as in this moment, watching Billy take off his clothes. Billy looks up and winks at him, and Steve chuckles. “Of course you do.”

—

Billy pulls Steve’s jeans the rest of the way off him, and shrugs off his shirt quickly before returning to his place between Steve’s thighs on the soft rug.

“Mm,” he says trailing his hand and his eyes up Steve’s leg to his hip and over to the half-hard cock blushing so prettily between his legs. “How would I land a bombshell like you if I wasn’t?” he brags, bringing their dicks together.

—

“Oh, in that case,” Steve laughs, and his laugh trails into a moan when Billy’s cock brushes against his own. “Since you’ve, you’ve already landed this bombshell…”

He pulls Billy down to him, wants to kiss him again, needs to see for himself what that smirk tastes like.

“I guess you can just let yourself go a bit,” he suggests, and laughs again at Billy’s indignant face. “None of all that working out… we could just spend the time getting laid instead.”

—

Billy smirks and cages Steve in against the carpet, making himself as big as he can as he leans down and kisses him.

“Why? Feeling inferior, baby? Feeling small?” he asks, sliding a hand up Steve’s flatter chest and tweaking a nipple.

“Or are you feeling big?” he says, glancing down between them and pressing his hand back down to hold their dicks together from base to tip. “Hard and huge and powerful.” He slides them together in his loose grip, drags his cock along Steve’s, slow and dry.

—

Steve half laughs, half moans. “Feeling just right, actually,” he smirks and pushes up into Billy’s hand greedily. He can’t do much about that loose grip of Billy’s, it teases more than it does anything else, but damn if it doesn’t feel good.

“How about you?” He purrs, running his hands down Billy’s broad, strong back and settling on his ass, the perfect place to squeeze it. “You feeling the need for something hard and huge and powerful yet?”

Okay, that may sound a bit desperate, but. His dick made him say it.

Billy kisses him then, all lips and tongue and suction, showing him just how much he *wants* Steve’s cock, and, fuck. Steve can never get over how much that turns him on. He reaches between them to join Billy’s hand on their cocks, and yeah, okay, the size difference is there, but Steve thinks to himself that he’s glad Billy’s cock is just the way it is, it’s a perfectly good size. Perfect for his hand. Kinda great in his mouth, too. And Billy just goes crazy when Steve does that.

“Mmmmh, we were gonna do that,” he reminds Billy, as if Billy had been listening to his train of thought. “You wanna fuck my mouth, don’t you, baby?”

The way Billy looks at him then, like Steve just gave him a Christmas present… Steve grins. Worth it.

—

“Mm yeah, come here.” Billy wraps a leg around Steve’s and rolls to the opposite side, pulling Steve down on top of him. He presses their lips together again before pushing Steve away a bit so he can move down between his legs. “Whatever you do, just, try not to puke on my dick, all right? Just grab my wrist or hit me or something if it’s

too much and we'll stop," he says. "Ease yourself into it. Don't go tryin' to be a hero, Harrington," he smirks.

--

"Ok, wow," Steve laughs. "Good to hear you've lowered your expectations for the occasion… Try not to *puke*. Thanks for that, my darling love."

He moves down and gives one of Billy's nipples a sharp nip on the way for that particular vote of confidence. Once he's all the way down, he takes Billy's cock, hard and leaking, and kisses it, just gently, once, near the crook of Billy's groin, to reassure himself. He can totally do this.

Then he leans in and sucks Billy down, as hard as he can.

—

Billy's hand immediately flies to the back of Steve's head in direct contrast to the gentle, easing-into-this he'd meant to be doing. He groans unabashedly and lets his hips jerk up just a little, lets Steve have a taste of what he was, moments before, acting so cocky about. The fact that he only looks mildly surprised by it, and manages to swallow past it without choking at all makes Billy harder.

"So good, Steve, fuck," Billy sighs, and tightens his grip on Steve's hair but stays gentle in his guidance still. He remembers *his* first time doing this, and how not pretty that ended up being when he got too confident. "Wanna see how deep you can take me before I fuck your pretty lips. Can you do that, baby? Can you take all of me?"

--

Steve doesn't know if he can, but he's absolutely game for trying. Billy's cock so deep in his mouth is uncomfortable, pushing at the back of his throat, and yeah, ok, he can see where the puking might come in, but so far, everything's ok. He can breathe through his nose, and when that relaxes his throat, Billy's cock slips just a bit deeper, so Steve tries to do that relaxing thing a bit more on purpose, and that actually works. He hums, and closes his eyes to concentrate.

—

“Ohh God,” Billy groans, letting his head fall back for a moment and just enjoying what Steve Harrington can do with his mouth. There are techniques in there he recognizes as things he’s done for Steve in the past, which is somehow fucking hot, but there are also unique little quirks too. Things that are uniquely Steve Harrington’s way of sucking him off. Things that remind Billy of his kisses and make his whole body thrum with electricity.

He pulls Steve up off of him a bit by the hair at the back of his head and makes him meet his eyes, loving the slightly glassy, pink-cheeked look of oxygen deprivation and arousal on Steve’s face as Billy’s cock presses his mouth open.

“You’re a fucking natural at this, baby,” he breathes, raising his hips a little just to thrust against the roof of his mouth a few times, soft and shallow. “You’re so good. Make me feel like I’m on fire. Fucking beautiful.”

He presses his hips back up, still gentle, but this time he presses his hand down on the back of Steve’s head and gives him almost all of his cock in one go. There’s a little struggling sound from the back of Steve’s throat at that, but the sensation of that is blindingly good and Steve doesn’t struggle against it, so Billy pulls out of his mouth almost all the way before thrusting back up into his saliva-slick lips again.

“Mm you’re getting me so wet with your spit, Harrington,” Billy half-chuckles in the slow, loose way of someone too high on hormones to control the sounds their mouths make fully. “It’s gonna start slipping down to my ass and you won’t even have to use lube when you fuck me.”

And okay, maybe that’s an exaggeration, but it’s a fucking sexy one and Steve seems to think so too, as more saliva suddenly coats his cock with the next thrust in and out, dripping down his balls.

--

The bit with Billy just holding him down and going for it takes a little

getting used to, and for a moment it feels like Steve is going to lose the struggle against his gag reflex, but he manages to breathe through it, and Billy's moan shows him that he's still doing okay. Better than okay, maybe. It's a rush, the knowledge that Billy is letting go because he can't fucking help it now. Because Steve is having that effect on him. He feels Billy's hand in his hair, a good firm grip, and reaches back to cover that hand with his. Encourages him to do it again.

—

"Fuck, baby," Billy groans and thrusts back into that wet heat hard, loving the sound Steve makes on his cock as he struggles to swallow around it a little and thrusting back in again quickly to make it happen again. The slick from Steve's mouth is running more freely, like he was trying to hold it back but is encouraging it now that he knows how Billy feels about it, and as Billy rocks up into Steve's mouth he can feel it sliding down between his thighs faster, slicking him up messily and making him groan.

When the first drop of it makes it to his puckered hole, though, wets him and makes it a little of the way inside, he remembers what he really wants to get to here, and realizes they need to stop this soon or he's not going to last. With a tortured sigh he pulls all the way out and groans at the sight of Steve's slick, red lips, connected to his cock with a string of saliva and precome.

"I'm not gonna last if we keep at it like this, baby," he slurs a little. "I won't be able to stop myself, and I want--"

--

"I don't want you to stop," Steve says, and wow, his voice sounds raspy and hoarse now, which shouldn't surprise him, with the way his throat is aching from Billy's dick, but it still does. Billy looks at him, rapt attention, and Steve smiles, wipes his mouth. He doesn't want Billy to stop, it's true; Billy's cock all but choking him is weird and messy, but he finds that he loves it. Loves feeling Billy go all the way, do what he wants with Steve, push in as deep as he wants to, not holding himself back. And fuck, after all this work, he feels like he's *earned* it.

“Want you to fuck my mouth,” he repeats, just to make sure Billy gets it, “Fuck my mouth like you mean it.”

He goes down on it again, doesn’t want to give Billy too much of a chance to protest. He knows Billy will have a hard time denying him anything, once his cock is deep enough. Steve smiles around Billy, takes his hand and puts it to the back of his head once more, to hold him, or hold him down. Whatever he wants.

--

Billy shudders and groans, eyes wide as Steve swallows him all the way down like a pro.

“Fuck, Steve!” he bites his lip, still reluctant to let himself come undone, but Steve swallows around the head of his cock and hums a little, fucking his own mouth with Billy’s cock, and in a moment he’s lost it.

“Oh God, baby, yeah,” he groans, knots his hand into Steve’s long hair with a tug and lets his hips stutter upward. “I’m gonna come down your fucking throat, baby. You want that?” He lets Steve have just enough control that he can move his head by himself for a moment, his hand still buried in Steve’s hair.

—

“Mmmmmmh,” Steve moans around Billy’s dick, because hell yeah, he wants it, he’s worked for it, and he’s gonna fucking get it. He can feel Billy is about to thrust deep again, braces himself for it, breathes deep to relax and let Billy go as hard as he likes. He can feel Billy’s fingers tighten in his hair as the only warning.

--

Billy thrusts deep, pulling Steve’s mouth down onto him and holding himself all the way inside for a second before he pulls out and gives Steve a couple hard, shallow trusts. The sounds he makes, trying to swallow everything and breathe around it, are making Billy dizzy with arousal and he fucks all the way back in again and chokes him, groaning at the feel of that around his pounding cock. He falls into an

aggressive, faltering rhythm, keeping most of his thrusts shallow for greater speed, and holding the base of his cock steady in the hand he isn't using to direct Steve's head.

"You're a fucking dream come true, baby, fuck," he says, taking a moment to push Steve down all the way and then a moment to let him breathe, lips wide and panting above Billy's desperately leaking cock as they meet eyes. "You've got me so close. You're such a fast learner, King Steve," he grunts, and Steve's breath on his slick, sensitive cock makes his whole body tremble. "God, I'm gonna come down your throat and watch you swallow it. You'll look so good."

He pushes his cock into Steve's lips again and paints them with his precome first, moaning at the sight and the sensation. His moans become keening and his thrusts become deeper and harder as he feels the heat in his groin tightening, constricting, drawing him to that inevitable edge. He's too loud by that point to give a *subtle* warning, so as his balls tighten and his toes begin to curl Billy shouts, pushing Steve down hard around his cock, and moans a steady stream of "fuckfuckfuckfuck, Steve, shiiit, yeahhh," as his release takes him, shooting down Steve's throat.

—

Steve can't help but feel a bit proud. He's quite good at this getting his face fucked thing, who knew? And it's not that easy, he has to work at it not to gag, not to choke, not to bite down accidentally, to relax whenever he can, and not to panic when he can't. His throat hurts and his jaw aches and he's got spit running down his chin, but Steve wears it all like a badge of honor, because Billy is having the time of his life, and it's him, Steve, who's making that happen.

So yeah, when Billy finally comes, he feels just a little smug. Until he gets some of Billy's spunk in the wrong pipe, anyway.

With the help of the last bit of his reflexes he manages to pull off Billy's cock quickly, before a cough takes him down, first without meaning to, then trying to get the weird feeling out of his windpipe.

"Fuck," he mutters hoarsely, "Fucking hell…"

—

Billy can't help but laugh. He's still high on his orgasm, and when he sees that Steve's not in imminent danger it just strikes him as uncommonly funny in a sort of endearing way, and he gives Steve's arm a tug, bringing him down so that Billy can give his filthy mouth a kiss.

"You're gonna taste like me for days," he smirks, letting Steve up from him only to turn away and cough again. "Did I get it in your lungs, baby? Shit." He laughs again and kisses the palm of Steve's left hand. "Sorry, sweetheart. That's not comin' out for a while," he smiles sheepishly.

--

"Dickhead," Steve grumbles, and coughs some more, but he knows Billy is right. He reaches for the bottle of champagne and tries to chase it down with that, but it's no good. The tickle in his throat is still there. Plus, the champagne has turned warm, how depressing.

"I think you owe me a drink," Steve says, kissing Billy's plush lips. "I think I've earned it."

—

Billy leans back up into the kiss and smiles against him.

"Baby, as long as you keep talking with that sexy, fucked out voice, I'll give you anything you want," he promises.

--

"Anything?" Steve raises his eyebrows, tries not to sound too hopeful. Because there are quite a few things he could see himself asking his boyfriend for.

—

Billy smirks and kisses Steve again.

"Anything," he repeats softly, "Just tell me what you want."

--

The temptation to ask for something outrageous is there, but then the soft tone in Billy's voice makes Steve reconsider. This close after what had seemed to be a spectacular orgasm (as Steve's lungs are there to tell the tale), it would be a dick move to get Billy to open up a bit more about his past. Steve swallows the questions on the tip of his tongue, and smiles.

"A beer would be nice. And maybe one of your cigarettes." He shakes his head, smiling. "Too bad I can't keep my voice like this, so you'll always be like that…"

—

Billy kisses Steve's neck. Licks the mark he left on the right side earlier when he had to wake Steve in the car. Hums against the skin.

"Your voice does things to me even when it's not like this, baby," he says. "I'd miss it if it changed."

He blushes a little, realizing how tender that sounds, and pulls back, looking away and pushing himself up to stand.

"I'll be back before you know it, pretty boy," he mutters with a distant smile, stepping over Steve and towards the cabin's kitchen.

—

Steve looks after him. He feels Billy's blush like a tangible thing between them, is both amused and bewildered at the way Billy, hard as nails, can get so soft. It reminds him of the previous night. He swallows, glad for the ache in his throat, because it gives him something to focus on other than feeling like an asshole. *I love you.* He should just say it back. What is the big deal?

It's *because* it is a big deal that he can't bring himself to say it, though. He remembers the pain that followed last time he declared love for someone after just a couple weeks all too well. Better to stay clear of making that mistake again.

—

Billy grabs a beer from the fridge, and the pack of cigarettes from his backpack on the counter, then pauses. That champagne is gonna go to waste if it just sits out there getting warmed by the fire. He pulls the freezer open and immediately spots what he's looking for. Ice. Lots of it. *Just what the doctor ordered*, he thinks, and grabs a cereal bowl from one of the cupboards.

Even just stepping away from that rug had made Billy's balls shrink a bit with the cold, but the freezer air sends a shiver through him and he quickly closes it, stacking his loot in his hands and turning back towards their warmth. Cold as he is, though, Billy has to pause for a moment when he catches sight of Steve lying on that soft white rug, spread out comfortably and glowing with the firelight, dark eyes glistening with it as he watches the flames.

Steve looks up at him only once he reaches the rug and hands him down the cold beer first, keeping the ice and the cigarettes in his hands as he takes a seat at his boyfriend's side.

"I brought some ice too," he says. "For your throat. For the champagne." He shrugs, feeling a little stupid again, and pulls a cigarette out with the lighter, lights it up and takes a drag before handing it over to Steve, who sets down his beer with a satisfied sigh and takes the cigarette between his lips.

--

Fuck, but that cold beer feels glorious sliding down his throat. Steve closes his eyes, takes another drag from the cigarette, inhales deeply, and feels a little calmer. He looks up at Billy to hand the cigarette back to him, and is struck with the fact that Billy brought him ice. Just to make him feel good.

I love you, he thinks. It should be so easy to say it now.

But does he really? Or is it just that finally being with someone again feels so good, after the Nancy clusterfuck? And besides, Billy just said it once. When he was really upset. That shouldn't count. He hasn't even hinted at it again since.

"Mmmmh, we should really get a bucket for the bottle," he says,

turning his eyes to the champagne. He finds both their glasses, fills them up again.

“My mom would disinherit me for this,” he mutters while slipping a few ice cubes into each flute. Then he hands one to Billy. “Cheers, my love. To face-fucking.”

Fuck. That just slipped out. He takes a deep drink. Maybe Billy didn’t hear it.

—

There’s that word again. My *love*. Billy realizes that earlier he’d been so blissed out and distracted it had hardly registered with him when Steve had said it. But now it does.

Does he mean it? He wonders, and then *of course he doesn’t. D’you hear how casual that was? To face-fucking. Like hell he means it.*

Billy finishes his champagne in one cold gulp, and takes an ice cube with it. Crunches it between his teeth as he pours himself another and tops off Steve’s glass for him.

“And to all the other kinds of fucking as well,” Billy points out, taking a drag from the cigarette and handing it back over to Steve, trailing a hand over his hip because it’s there in the path of his hand and it looks so soft and smooth, the little moles that dot it making him look like a piece of art, just as they do everywhere else. “My *darling*,” he finishes with half a smirk.

--

Steve smiles, relieved that Billy seems to have taken it as a joke. He leans back into the rug, content for the moment to let Billy touch him.

“Yes, talking of fucking, sugarpie…” he says (because two can play that game), but then he doesn’t continue. Just looks at his boyfriend, his lover, bathed in the golden hue of the dying fire. Thinking of fucking, thinking of just lying there on the rug, feeling warm and cozy and wanted.

--

Billy grimaces dramatically and takes a sip of Steve's beer. It tastes odd after all the champagne, and a little jarring, but he savors it.

"Not with talk like that, we're not," he threatens without any sort of heat, his hand still resting on Steve's hip. "*Sugarpie?* What are you, my aunt?"

--

"*Darling*?" Steve asks back, raising his eyebrows. "What are you, the Queen of England?"

--

My love? What are you, an idiot?

Billy waggles his eyebrows suggestively and leans in for a kiss.

"Close enough," he says.

--

"True," Steve says, between kisses. Good, smiling kisses that taste of beer and cigarettes and champagne. "You're a royal pain in the ass, sometimes."

--

Billy snorts and has to break the kiss because the absolute incongruity of that statement just makes him fucking laugh. He doesn't even know if Steve meant it to be as funny as it is. He probably didn't. But fuck if Billy can't laugh at his hilariously naive boyfriend every once in a while.

"Mm," he starts when his laughter clearly starts to annoy Steve a little, leaning back in to take the cigarette from him and drop it into a nearby ashtray so he can straddle Steve properly without worry of damaging the beautiful rug that's become their home. "Speaking of asses," he smiles charmingly down at him, pulling both of Steve's hands to his backside as he leans down over him for another kiss.

Their cocks brush just barely and he lets out a little groan. “You up for seeing to mine yet, baby?”

--

Just like that, Steve’s sweet, gentle buzz is tipped over into something a bit more urgent. His cock is giving an interested twitch, and yeah, okay. He’s totally up for that.

“Oh!” he says, grinning and sitting up a bit. “I got us something, well. I got us lube, and stuff. It’s in the brown bag.”

“Could you get that for us?” He looks up at Billy, pleads with his eyes. He has good results with that one, usually.

--

Billy chuckles a little and bites Steve’s bottom lip.

“So polite, Harrington,” he mocks, and leans up toward the nearby couch, where he’d dropped off Steve’s paper bag earlier at his behest. He turns away more fully to rummage in the bag for a moment, and *oh my God,* that’s a lot of lubricant.

“Think you got enough?” Billy asks as he returns to Steve’s side with a grin. The thing must weigh at least a couple pounds. “Jesus, baby. You’ve got an appetite for it now, have you?”

—

Eh. Billy’s teasing isn’t enough to disturb Steve’s pleasant buzz. He shrugs, smiles.

“I don’t know, I didn’t want us to run out in the middle, or something,” he says, running his hand down Billy’s abs. “And yeah, alright. I was kinda hoping we’d do it more than once.” He can take home any that’s left. If they ever get to fuck there, *Jesus*. Steve is starting to believe his father isn’t going to conferences out of town anymore, just to throw off his son’s sex life.

“Wait, there were condoms, get those, too?”

--

Billy bites his lip and meets Steve's eye with a doubtful smile.

"Actually, I was thinking that tonight…" *Since I'm clean and you've never been with another guy…* Billy thinks, but Steve still doesn't know about that stuff. Still doesn't need to. And who would Billy be, to break him out of that bliss? "I was thinking you could fuck me bare, pretty boy," he says. "Since I don't have anywhere to be after this, and we can shower whenever we need to…"

—

The funny thing is, Steve hadn't even considered that they *could* — after their first time in the locker room, he has just silently accepted condoms as necessary fucking paraphernalia, for sleeping with boys as well as girls. Apparently they aren't. And now that the idea has been planted in his mind, he finds that he really, really wants it.

"Oh, the lovely things you say," he murmurs, grinning and trailing his hand down the dip of Billy's groin. "Does it feel good? Can you actually feel it, when I, when I come, inside?"

—

Billy smirks and presses into the touch.

"You haven't fucked without the condom before, have you?" he teases a little. But it's without heat. To be honest the thought sends a shiver of heat down his spine. He gets to be the *first*. He leans in to kiss Steve and ruts against him softly. "Baby, it feels *so good* without it there. You won't want to go back after this."

—

Steve bridles a little at that at first, it wasn't like he hadn't been *curious*, after all. There was just never any chance. But the feeling is short-lived, after all, Billy is the one who suggested this, and thank heaven for his boyfriend's filthy mind.

He reaches between them, Billy's cock is half-hard again already. Just from the thought of that?

“Yeah, let’s try that,” he says, smirking. “Your ass spoiling me for anything else…” Billy’s cock certainly seems to appreciate the thought.

—

Billy reaches for the lube and slicks up two of his own fingers.

“Mm I knew you’d be up for it, baby,” he smiles into a kiss, and reaches behind himself to slip a finger deep inside. His presses his tongue between Steve’s lips as his finger presses into his ass, and lets out a little groan.

—

Even though he can’t see it, Steve can tell exactly what Billy is doing, from the way his breath hitches and he groans into their kiss, making Steve’s fingers itch, wanting to be involved, wanting to be the one to twist such sounds out of him. He knows by now how much Billy enjoys it and it seems unfair not to have a part in that. He reaches between Billy’s legs, finds the place where Billy’s finger is hard at work, steals a bit from the lube gathered there already. At this angle he can’t do much more than push in the very tip of his own finger, but the sound that Billy makes at it shows Steve how very much worth it the effort is.

“Can we fuck like this?” Steve mumbles against Billy’s lips, “I mean, with kissing, and looking at you…”

--

Billy just takes Steve’s mouth again, kissing him hard and deep, and slips his finger out a little so that as he moves back they can both slip in at once.

“Mmfuck,” he bites out, groaning. “Yeah. I wanna ride you this time, baby.” His kiss this time is bruising. Hungry. “Ride you till I can’t feel my fuckin legs,” he growls.

—

“Fuck, yeah,” Steve moans, both at the promise and the sting of

Billy's hard kiss. He wants that, too, can hardly say how much. "Want to fuck you so much, baby, *god*—"

He puts a little more effort into getting his finger in deeper, though it's hard not to get tangled with Billy's fingers, he seems to have more than one stuffed up there by now.

Steve tries to get more lube, fumbles with it with his left hand and curses, but his muttered frustration is turned into a moan when Billy reaches between them to squeeze their two cocks together. "Don't," he moans, "I want to last, don't do too much—"

--

Billy hums approvingly and pulls their hips apart. Helps Steve handle the lube and sits up over him fully as Steve coats more of his hand in the stuff.

"Get yourself ready, Harrington," he says, holding his cock out of the way as he slides three fingers into his ass and massages his rim open slowly. "I'm almost ready for you."

—

Steve obliges and slicks himself up, moans at the feeling of his own hand, sweet, wet friction. He has to stop just after a couple of strokes because really, he wants to fuck Billy for more than an embarrassingly short time, and right now, all of the pent-up heat from the last hours is building in his balls.

"Billy," he moans, straining up for another kiss, "Come on, *please…*"

—

Billy grins down at his boyfriend and leans down just enough to *not* kiss him.

"Mm, that's right," he purrs. "Beg for it. Beg for my ass, baby. Tell me what you want to do."

—

“Ugh, you dick,” Steve groans, letting himself drop back against the floor because Billy is horrible and won’t even kiss him, fucking hell. “Want to fuck you,” he says, with some difficulty. What even are words now? “Want to fuck you so hard, make you come, come while I’m fucking you, because you love it, love my cock up your ass—”

He twitches his hips up, to no avail, there’s no friction to be had.

“Come on, baby,” he beseeches, “Give it to me already…”

--

Billy pulls his fingers from his ass and takes Steve’s cock in hand soothingly.

“Alright, pretty boy, keep your hair on,” he smirks a little and lines them up, sighing at the sensation of Steve’s wet head against the pucker of his ass, before he presses down with his thighs and slides just the head of Steve’s bare cock inside him.

The muscle control needed to not slam the rest of the way down in one go is astronomical, but the long, drawn out moan from Steve’s parted lips makes it worth the effort. Billy’s breath comes heavier too, and his cock twitches visibly as he descends slowly further, seating himself fully on Steve’s perfect, throbbing cock.

“God, you feel so fucking good right there. Your thick cock stretches me out so good,” he breathes as he finally lets his thighs rest, all of his weight on Steve’s narrow hips and his cock fully sheathed in Billy’s ass. Billy rolls his hips a little with eyes closed and lets out a little moan.

—

Fuck, but Billy hadn’t been kidding earlier, when he’d talked about how good it was going to feel. Steve has to close his eyes tightly, concentrate very hard, before he regains even a semblance of control over himself. “Fuck, Billy,” he moans helplessly, his hands gripping Billy’s hips tight enough to bruise. He knows he is going to die if Billy doesn’t move soon, and he is going to die when he does.

--

Billy leans forward and pulls Steve's soft lips into a kiss as they groan, the small, teasing movements of his hips driving them both wild. He bears down with his muscles on every move to pull off of Steve, so that his ass seems to refuse to give him up, trying to suck him back in every time.

--

Steve whines when Billy still refuses to go any faster, the tiny, almost imperceptible movements are driving him insane. When Billy is leaning down again to not quite kiss him once again, both his pendants come to rest on Steve's chest, and he could swear that the goddamn rock he got Billy is weighing him *down*.

It's from pure desperation that he moves against Billy when he does that slow, horrible torture movement of slipping up a little. Steve manages to get almost a hand's width of space between them before he snaps up his hips in a desperate jerk.

--

Billy's mouth falls open in a moan as Steve rams into his prostate, and his body trembles involuntarily.

"God," he sighs, sitting up and pulling off Steve a couple inches again, slipping a thumb over his boyfriend's still fucked-red lips. "Yeah."

He slams back down around him and groans, falling into a real rhythm. A rise and fall of hips that causes his cock to spill little beads of precome all up Steve's pretty, heaving chest.

—

Finally, *finally* Billy deigns to get some sort of movement going, but it's not nearly enough, not fast enough, not hard enough, and it's driving Steve out of his mind.

"Fuck, baby, come *on*," he grunts and manages to get one good upward thrust in among all this shallowness, "I'm gonna throw you down and fuck you through this floor, just wait and see if I don't…"

It's doubtful that he'd even manage to dislodge Billy, who has a good few pounds on him and is at a much better vantage point, but, still. Steve can dream. And who knows, maybe Billy wants him to, in a bit.

--

"Mm so bossy," Billy smirks through a groan, and reaches down to hold his dick still, not stroking or satisfying the aching hardness of it at all, just keeping it still against his belly as he picks up the pace. "That more like it?" he asks shudderingly, just before he adds the speed of the slower thrusts back in, slamming his ass down around Steve's cock with almost the same mindless determination he'd once used with his fists on Steve's face on the Byers' livingroom floor.

"F-ffucckk, baby, unhhh God…"

--

With some effort, Steve manages to push himself up into a more upright position, and fuck, Billy has been so right, he can feel him so deeply now, Billy and his ass doing their combined best to wreck him for all eternity. "Fuck, you feel so good," he grinds out between clenched teeth, and puts his hand around the back of Billy's neck, pulls him close because he wants those breathless kisses, wants to feel Billy moan and curse around him.

--

Billy groans into Steve's mouth immediately and adjusts his legs a little on either side of Harrington's hips, his rhythm faltering as he tries to accommodate the change. He goes for a couple of different angles before he finds the right one with a jolt, and his fingers dig into Steve's back, probably breaking the skin. He doesn't care though, because *ohh fuck,* that feels good.

He's never understood the concept of crying during sex - honestly thought it was some made-up, exaggerated shit just like "making love." But suddenly he almost gets the idea.

"*Je*-sus, baby," he groans. "God, I love your cock. Ohh."

Billy tightens his muscles around Steve and feels a shudder run

through the rest of his body *and* Steve's as they groan in tandem, sharing the same breath.

--

"Oh holy shit," Steve grinds out, little more than a whine. He tries to move against Billy, meet every downward movement with a thrust of his own, but it just gets so hard, his hips stutter erratically more often than not.

With a frustrated growl, he pulls Billy closer, but that completely upsets the haphazard rhythm they have been building. But Billy leans just the right way, shifts his balance, and Steve goes along with it, twists them sideways, moans with Billy when his cock *almost* slips out, but soon he has the upper hand again, pushes Billy down further and pushes home. It is a good thing they are in the middle of nowhere, surrounded only by trees, because their combined groan when he bottoms out can probably be heard for miles.

—

"Fuck, Harrington, you're fucking perfect. God. Mm," Billy leans up and cuts himself off with Steve's lips, holding him close while they kiss and shuddering whenever Steve moves his hips a little. "Fuck me, baby. Fuck me through the floor. I'm so close, Steve, fuck."

—

The thought that Billy is that far gone already, when Steve can still feel the rawness his cock left in his throat, holy *fuck*. "Fuck yeah," he moans, starting to thrust with more determination, and he could swear he can feel Billy's asshole flutter around his cock, what the *fuck*, "fucking hell, come for me, baby, wanna make you feel so good —"

—

Billy's breath catches and his short nails dig into Steve's freckled back as Steve hits his prostate over and over. He tangles his legs around Steve's back almost without thinking, pulling him in closer and deeper, and groans, eyes falling closed as he feels his cheeks, his ears,

his chest, all flush with how oppressively *good* it all feels.

—

Only a few more thrusts, going as deep as he can, and Steve can see the change in Billy's face, can see him look almost surprised, his brows furrowed, his tongue sticking out a bit, and Steve is just leaning in to get a taste of that when he feels Billy's hot come against his chest, feels him clench almost unbearably, unbelievably tight.

Steve leans in, brushes Billy's hair out of his sweat-damp forehead, licks his lips, but he can't slow down, not when he's this close, not when he can feel the first bit of orgasm make his balls seize.

—

Billy shudders and moans as Steve continues to pound deep into him, abusing his over-sensitive prostate as he nears his own orgasm. He could push him off if he wanted to, could finish him off somewhere else, but he doesn't. Even as his ass clenches involuntarily around the cock in it, sending shivers up his spine, Billy's spreading his legs wide and holding Steve close by the swell of his ass.

"You're so good, baby, fuck," he groans. "*King Steve*. Give it to me. Come on, baby. Oh god-- come for me, Steve. Please." His voice breaks off on the last word as Steve leans all of his weight into the final thrust, seemingly intent on obliterating Billy's prostate as his whole body tenses and holds him there. And Billy can feel the jerk of Steve's thick cock as it releases deep inside, pressed up against that bundle of nerves, and his groans are almost as loud as Steve's moans.

Billy milks it from him, clenching down around Steve's dick until he starts to pull out, leaving Billy feeling empty and wet and like he could fucking float away if Steve hadn't just collapsed on his come-slick chest.

"God, that was good," Billy smiles tiredly, threading a hand through Steve's soft hair and playing with it. "So good."

--

"Mmmmmmh." Steve can't talk just yet. His brain has checked out

for the night. He can't believe how good it was, how amazing Billy made him feel. It seems like he just dreamt it, even now. A sweaty, hot and heavy dream, with dazzling blue eyes and a smile that goes deep.

He turns his head, brushes his lips against Billy's neck, over the ghost of bruises he will not think about now. Trails his hand down Billy's pecs, rests it on his stomach.

Mumbles, "I love you" into Billy's skin. And closes his eyes.

—

A chill and a flush chase each other across Billy's skin simultaneously, and he glances down at Steve, a lump in his throat. *Am I dreaming?* He cautiously covers Steve's hand with his and presses his lips to Steve's forehead.

Do you, really? But talk about looking a gift horse in the mouth. What if he said no? What if he said yes, but Billy could see that it was just the orgasm talking?

I love you too. He's said it once already. It shouldn't be that hard to say again. But somehow now it feels impossible. Dangerous. Not allowed.

He brings his hand up to Steve's chin and tilts his face up to meet his eyes. Looks him over softly, trying hard to believe.

"Yeah?" he asks, and God, the hope in his voice is fucking cracking it. He hates how he sounds. Hates that vulnerability. So why does it feel so *good?*

--

God, he can't look at Billy like this, Billy's eyes so searching and earnest. *It just slipped out*, Steve wants to say, wants to scoff. *Have you never said weird things after sex?*

He swallows, and his throat feels raw as fuck, though he doesn't quite know if that's really just from Billy fucking it hard.

Steve shrugs, tries to look away. “Yeah,” he mumbles, and feels his cheeks flush.

—

Billy frowns a little, takes in the flush of Steve’s pale skin, and leans in for a soft kiss. His eyes are stinging, and the crystal pendant on his chest feels like it’s burning a hole, and his gut feels tight where Steve’s hand still rests.

He can’t speak, so he just kisses. Tentative and chaste and wholly unlike his usual. Gentler even than his gentle kisses. This one could be one of the kisses he’s shared with girls almost, if those kisses had ever been capable of sending warmth to his toes and making him feel like he’s truly being seen for the first time in such a long fucking time.

--

Steve wishes Billy would say something, the silence is feeling oppressive, like his words still hang between them and Steve *really* doesn’t want to take them back, but. He’s managed to make everything so fucking awkward.

Still, there are kisses. And Billy’s kisses soothe him, a little. They don’t expect anything of him, there isn’t even any tongue. Billy is just kissing instead of talking, and yeah, ok. It does feel very nice.

Steve’s hand drifts from Billy’s stomach to his soft, spent cock. Gently caresses the silky skin, and it’s so exhausted, doesn’t even twitch. He smiles into the kiss.

“That was the best sex I’ve ever had,” he says solemnly. “And I’ve had *plenty*.” Not to blow his own horn, but. Heh. Horn.

—

Billy lays back down, giving them a couple inches space between their lips, and smiles a little, raising an eyebrow.

“Mm you proud slut,” he smirks, mirroring Steve’s casual hand on his dick with a slightly less casual hand on Steve’s ass. “Have I ruined

you for pussy yet, pretty boy?"

--

Steve bites his lips, considers. It's so different, he doesn't even know how to compare it. All he knows that he like *this*, a *lot*.

"Mmmmh," he sighs noncommittally, leans down to give Billy's nipple a kiss, takes the little nub between his teeth, tugs a bit.

"I don't know," he says truthfully, mumbling into Billy's round pecs. "I think I'm gonna have to fuck you a lot. Just to find out, you know."

—

Billy shivers and pushes Steve's mouth up off his nipple with a groan.

"Jesus, you trying to make me hard again already, you beast?" he complains affectionately, his cock still too spent to react with anything other than a weak twitch.

--

Steve grins, moves on top of Billy and sucks a big fat red mark on his neck, a giant fuck you to whoever thinks of ever touching Billy without going through him first. He humps his own useless, dazzled cock against Billy's thigh, puts all his weight into it. Pinches the other nipple until Billy groans and laughs, batting his hand away.

"All night *long*, gorgeous," he purrs with a wicked smirk. "Until you don't remember your own goddamn name."

—

Billy can't help but smile and lick his lips at that.

"Mm I can't wait," he says, and pulls Steve to his lips once again, kissing him deep and with intention.

—

“Hmmm,” Steve hums against Billy’s lips. He pulls off briefly then, coughs a couple of times. Glares at Billy.

“I can still feel your come from earlier,” he complains, and rolls off of Billy to find something to drink. The beer has gone stale and warm by now, and the champagne in the flute glasses is a watered-down mess. He sighs. Then he sees the bowl with half-melted ice-cubes swimming in an inch of cold water. He takes one, sucks it into his mouth, nearly moans at the lovely coolness soothing his raspy throat. Then he takes another ice cube and deposits it in Billy’s navel.

Billy bucks, nearly dislodges it, but Steve holds his hip. “Hold still,” he orders, and licks the ice into his mouth.

—

“Mmmfuck, Harrington,” Billy breathes shallowly, his firehot skin absolutely *tingling* under Steve’s ministrations. “What are you *doing?*” he needs to know.

Not *specifically* - he can tell that Steve is playing this by ear. Doing what he wants to. Doing what feels good. And that’s good. But *generally*…

“You’re a wet dream on legs, you know that?” he groans with a little twisted smile, hand tangling back into Steve’s dark hair.

—

“My boyfriend brought me ice, I’m not gonna let that go to *waste*,” Steve explains, shaking his head at Billy’s density. He cracks the ice cube from Billy’s navel between his teeth and munches it down. Then he takes another from the bowl, paints a few lines of cool water on Billy’s chest, and licks them off again with great satisfaction.

The ice cube he rolls over Billy’s nipples, first one, then the other, smiling at Billy’s gasps. He leans in to warm them up again with his tongue, worries the left one with his teeth until Billy hisses and pushes him off.

“My boyfriend would let me do whatever I like, you know,” he says, a bit peevishly, when Billy actually tries to deny him access to the

other nipple, grabbing his hands and making the quickly melting ice cube slip from his fingers and into Billy's lap. He smirks at the way Billy hisses and quickly bucks it off.

—

"*Shit*," Billy hisses when the ice gets *much* too close to his spent cock for comfort and he flinches reflexively. "Your boyfriend sounds like a slut," he grumbles as he feels wet between his ass cheeks, the sudden movement causing a bit of Steve's come to slip out of his hole onto the rug. He feels a wave of shame at the filth of that - and at how it makes his cock stir.

—

"Yeah, he is," Steve gives back proudly, pressing a quick kiss to Billy's lips, "That's one of the best things about him…"

He sees Billy squirm, though at first he doesn't understand why, until he watches Billy's hand twitch towards a damp spot on the rug. Ice water, Steve thinks lazily, but he could swear Billy's ears are turning bright red. Come, then. That's not exactly a new thing, or something to be squeamish about, is it. But then it hits him where that come is from, and, wow. He leans in closer, interest piqued, and reaches between Billy's legs, beyond his heavy balls. Grins.

"You wet for me, baby?" He teases, running his fingers over the rim of Billy's hole, and he can feel some more come slipping out.

—

Billy tightens his muscles, but it's no use. Steve slips a finger inside of him and more of it slides down out from the gap he makes. Billy groans and glares at Steve impotently, as the twitch of his balls against Steve's hand betrays his enjoyment.

"Not for long if you keep playing with it like that, Harrington," he says, almost unaffectedly.

--

"You sayin' there isn't enough?" Steve asks, emboldened by the way

his finger slipped in so easily. Fuck, but this is messy, the stuff is making a squelching noise, and Steve can't stop. It doesn't feel like lube, or maybe it does, and the main difference is knowing that this his own come, that he is fucking it back into Billy with his finger.

"Should I, uh. Should I come some more in your *ass*, beautiful?" He only flushes a little at the suggestion, talking dirty isn't as easy when he isn't already fucking Billy.

—

That's exactly what he's saying, but even so Billy's mouth goes a little dry just hearing Steve say it.

"Fuck, Steve, you filthy thing," he rasps, and brings him down for a punishing kiss. "That sounds fuckin' hot, but you couldn't fuck me if I was ten times slicker right now," he says, sliding a hand between Steve's legs to give his soft, lube-shiny cock a teasing tug. It barely responds, but Steve pulls away a bit at the overstimulation with a hiss.

"Your dick is beat, baby," Billy says needlessly. "And mine is too. Let's give 'em a rest, huh? Just for a little while." He glances at the dying fire and the half-full bottle of champagne sweating on the wood floor. "Get cozy, finish off that nice hot champagne…" he smirks.

--

"Cozy," Steve repeats with a grimace of disgust, and twists his finger inside Billy just to hear him moan, just because he *can*. Then he pulls out, and again, the sound of that is *filthy*. And Billy wants to be cozy now?

The magnum bottle of champagne is still half full, though. Would be a shame to waste it. He sits up and empties their half-filled tepid glasses into the bowl of melted ice, then fills them from the bottle, mourns the fact that it's so warm. "I'm gonna get us some more ice, and the proper cooler bucket," he announces. "And then let's get really *cozy*."

He grins at a sudden thought. “And play truth or dare.”

—

Billy raises an eyebrow.

“Then I dare you to get me something that’ll keep your beautiful couch from getting destroyed if I try to lay down on it right now,” he says, tilting his hips up a bit because the little wet patch beneath him on the rug feels cold and gross and he’d prefer not to add to it if it can be avoided.

--

Steve shakes his head. “You and your outrageous demands,” he admonishes. “Well, I seem to remember, last time we played, you went last. Dared me to fuck you. So you’ll just have to wait your turn now.”

He grins at Billy’s sulky face, and gets up. The first thing he does is go over to his overnight bag and get out one of the blankets for Billy, but still. It’s the principle of the thing. Whistling, he throws the blanket in Billy’s lap and goes to fetch them some ice, and hey, maybe snacks. He feels fucking ravenous again already.

—

Billy smirks and doesn’t hesitate to watch Steve’s ass until he disappears around the corner into the kitchen. *Asshole*, he thinks affectionately, and tosses the blanket up onto the couch, straightening it out a bit as best he can before he tightens his muscles a little painfully and stands, plopping himself down on the couch and slumping down so he doesn’t have to sit directly on his decidedly sore ass.

It’s been too fucking long since I’ve had a sex life, he thinks, with the smugness of someone on the other side of a rough patch, and adjusts his position again just a little, taking up the whole couch with a smirk. Let Steve come and move him himself. He’s *comfortable.*

--

Steve putters around in the kitchen, finds the ice cooler, gets the ice, stands in front of the open fridge for a second, lets the delicious cool air caress his skin. He cracks open a bottle of beer, takes a long swig, but he doesn't take it with him, just leaves it standing near the sink. He'll pick up all this stuff tomorrow. Now he has more important things to see to. Like the ass of his boyfriend. He grins, both of those two things still feel so weird and new and awesome, he loves thinking them. His *boyfriend*. His boyfriend's *ass*.

"Your boyfriend would tell you to get a fucking move on," he mutters to himself, and hurries up a bit. He loads a tray with food, glad that they brought so much with them, ice bucket, and fresh glasses, and on his way back to the couch, picks up Billy's cigarettes, and the family sized bottle of lube. That lube was one of the best purchases he's ever made.

He plonks the tray down on the coffee table and squeezes in beside Billy, who seems to be under the illusion that the couch is all his. "Move, jackass," he says pleasantly, and wiggles to get more room.

"Truth or dare?"

--

Billy opens an eye and smirks up at Steve. Pulls his legs up out of Steve's way and lays them back down over his lap.

"Dare, obviously," he says.

—

"Hm," Steve muses, reaching for a chicken drumstick and demolishing it with gusto. "You're already naked, so I'm doing pretty well on that front…"

He glances at the fireplace, with the logs glowing a slow death. And the looks at his lazy, sated boyfriend. "Say, do people in California know how to build a proper fire?"

Billy raises his eyebrows. "You can assume that anything worth doing in this pisshole of a state, we do 10 times better on the coast, Harrington. Yeah, we know how to build a fire."

“Alright,” Steve smiles, not feeling sorry to disturb Billy’s peace anymore. “I dare you.”

He gives Billy’s strong thigh a little slap. “Go on. Up with you.”

—

Billy rolls his eyes and gets up from the couch with an overdramatic groan.

“Patronizing ass,” he mutters fondly, bending to snatch a cigarette on his way and slip it in between his teeth. He grabs the poker from beside the fire and gives the dying log a good shove, splitting it in two with a burst of sparks and some hopeful flames. “D’you have more tinder somewhere?” he asks, glancing over his shoulder as he bends at the hips to grab a new log from the basket.

—

If Steve had any idea where the tinder is, it vanished as soon as Billy bent over, proudly displaying his ass (because that kind of posturing, by accident? No way…).

“Mmh, over there somewhere,” he says helpfully, and leans back into the couch, watching with rapt attention. When Billy straightens up again, Steve can see a little trickle of come drip out of his hole. His exhausted cock gives a valiant twitch. Fucking *hell*.

—

Billy smirks and tosses the log on the fire with new awareness of every line of muscle that flexes and pulls with the simple movement as he feels Steve’s eyes on him, hungry. He glances around for tinder, finds a box, and carefully but quickly builds the fire back up, using tongs and poker only when hands absolutely won’t do.

When he’s done he turns his head and licks his lips, winking when Steve’s eyes finally come up to meet his.

“Like what you see?” he asks sweetly, ass still purposefully on display as he stands, warming himself in front of the now roaring fire. “I bet you’d lick it out of me if I asked you to, wouldn’t you?” he smirks,

grabbing at his own ass and loosening the muscles of his hole just a little, consciously letting a little more come slip out of his hole and reaching down to wet his finger with it as he turns to join Steve back on the couch.

--

Steve can feel his cheeks grow hot, and not from the newly-built fire.

“You are so disgusting sometimes, I can’t even believe you.” He knows, *knows* that Billy sometimes says these things just to fuck with him, but even so, the filth his mind comes up with!

When Billy comes sauntering back to the couch, no doubt swaggering even more because he knows he has finished fucking with his mind, Steve takes his hand (not the one with come on it, though), and pulls him into his lap. Billy is heavy as fuck, but. It’s a position Steve remembers fondly from their first night together.

—

Billy’s breath catches for a second at the sudden move and accompanying uncontrollable drip from his ass, squirming a little on Steve’s lap and smirking when Steve’s face says he feels it too.

“Truth or dare, pretty boy,” Billy says, low and enticing, putting his left arm around Steve’s shoulders and leaning into his chest to get comfortable as he brings the wet finger on his right hand to his lips almost thoughtlessly, and licks it clean.

--

Steve can’t suppress a little shudder of revulsion at the thought of where that hand has been, where that come has come from. What if he picks a dare now, and Billy makes him do *that*? But if he picks truth, he is going to feel like the greatest coward.

Holding Billy close to him and hiding his heated face in Billy’s neck, he mumbles “dare”, and closes his eyes. He may have to face his doom, but no one can make him do so with his eyes wide open.

—

Billy smirks and considers for a moment going with what they both know he's thinking, but if Steve's preemptive humiliation is anything to go by that idea could spell the end of this night, not to mention the end of Steve's willingness to trust him and follow him into new sexual territory. He rifles through the hair at the back of Steve's head with the fingers of his left hand, and kisses the top of his head reassuringly.

"I dare you to do a body shot of this champagne off me," he says with a smirk. "You can bring the ice, too," he adds, a little quieter.

--

Steve is so fucking relieved Billy didn't go there, he only now realises that he was holding his breath. He looks up into Billy's eyes, wants to kiss him so much for not *insisting*. Though a little part of him was so steeled up to have the nerve to go through with it, now it's almost disappointed, in a weird, confused way.

"Mmmh, we're gonna have to move for that," he replies, to distract himself from that line of thought. He doesn't really feel like moving, but to drink champagne out of Billy's navel, he's willing to make some sacrifices. For now though, he is content to nuzzle Billy's neck, lick the mark he has put there earlier.

Then he smiles. "You liked the ice thing, huh?" His brain is sometimes a little slow in catching up, but it gets there, most of the time.

—

Billy hums and closes his eyes, pressing into the sensation of Steve's mouth on his neck.

"It was alright," he sighs, and groans when Steve bites him a little. "Felt nice with the heat from the fire," he confesses.

--

"But we're not close to the fire anymore," Steve says sweetly, and laughs when Billy's elbow jabs his chest.

Then he gets up in earnest, pushes Billy to lay down on the couch, and steals one of the cushions to kneel down in front of him. He takes one of the champagne flutes and fills it a little, just to a pourable amount. Then he deposits one of the ice cubes in the center of Billy's chest, smiles when Billy hisses at the contact. Leans in to lick off a drop of melted water, because it looks too damn delicious not to.

"Mmmm, you're good at this," Steve smiles, praises when Billy shivers but stays still. He carefully pours the little bit of champagne into his navel, leans in to lick off the overspill. Then he goes in for the real treat, slurps up the champagne and pulls the ice cube into his mouth, licks off the remaining droplets with the tip of his tongue, and the way it makes Billy shudder, you'd think his tongue was made of ice, too.

He looks up at Billy, grins, and crunches the ice-cube between his teeth.

"Truth or dare?"

—

Billy bites his bottom lip and glances back at the champagne. He's not drunk enough for whatever truth Steve is going to try to pry out of him yet. But he really doesn't want to move right now, either, and picking dare would likely mean he'd have to move at least a little bit.

"Mmm truth," he finally mutters when his comfort wins out over his skittishness, and maybe he *is* a little drunk, for that to be happening now.

--

Oh.

Steve hadn't really expected that, had tried to think of another dare, something as nice as Billy's, but now he has to come up with a good question. He can't get around the one burning in his mind, though, so he says that one.

"So, that thing you mentioned, earlier," he says, unsure how to phrase it. He doesn't want to say, *licking my come from your ass*. He

just can't. "Have you done that before, with someone? Or someone do it to you?"

He lays his head on Billy's chest, facing down. It feels ironic that he'd rather look Billy in the dick than in the eyes now.

—

Billy smirks and brings a hand down from behind his head to stroke down over Steve's hunched back teasingly.

"D'you want me to do it to *you*?" he offers. "Kiss your pretty ass? Stick my tongue inside and fuck you with it?"

--

Steve can feel his cheeks burn and it's horrifying to know Billy can probably feel it too, doesn't even have to look at Steve to know how much he's fucking with his mind.

"Shuddup," he mumbles, pressing his hot face into Billy's chest. "That's not what I was asking. Just answer the goddamn question, asshole."

—

Billy can't help but chuckle a little at the sweetness of the guy who just fucked him into the floor, and let him fuck his face before that, *blushing* against his chest. He takes the champagne flute from Steve's hand, switches it to his own right hand, and takes Steve's hand in his.

"I had it done to me one of the first times I let someone fuck me," he says, and finishes off the last bit of champagne in the glass, not minding the trickles down from his mouth in some places. "He was getting me ready, giving me a blow job about like any other, and then he turned me around and stuck his tongue between my cheeks and… God… it felt so good."

His ass feels warm and wet and loved just at the memory of it. Well, maybe not *just* at the memory.

"I haven't been with a lot of people I really wanted to go down on -

I've only done it to one guy - but yeah, I'd do it for you in a heartbeat, Harrington. You've got such a nice ass…"

--

Still not what I was asking! Steve wants to yell, because he is still blushing furiously, the thought of Billy doing that with other men, of doing that *to him*… god, but it's filthy. He can't help but feel angry at himself for even picturing it. Let alone wondering if it's really as good as Billy says.

"Okay, thanks," he says stupidly, and winces. Good grief. Who came in and kicked him in the head? This must be what brain damage feels like.

—

Billy sets aside the champagne flute and uses his superior strength to force Steve up enough to meet his eye.

"Hey, you're not gonna freak out on me, are you, babe?" he asks, because teasing is teasing, but if it goes too far for Steve it'll have gone too far for Billy. "I swear I won't go near it if you don't want me to."

—

"'Mnot freaking out," Steve replies peevishly, because, okay. Maybe he is freaking out, a little. But it's not getting any better if Billy's gonna make a huge deal about it. He and Billy are here to enjoy themselves, not for him to have a fucking existential crisis over whose tongue goes into whose ass.

He sits up, and takes the empty glass of champagne, refills it. After considering a second, he puts that back into Billy's hand and pours himself another one. He holds it out for Billy to clink it, even though he can't think of a good toast. *To my nice ass*? Hardly.

"To trying new things," he says, and blushes again. But at least that's neither a yes nor a no.

—

Billy doesn't quite believe Steve when he says it, can hear the tone of uncertainty still in his voice, but it makes him smile anyway. He pushes himself up from his lying position to lean up on one arm, and though the sudden movement causes Steve to jerk away, Billy follows his lips and turns his head to the side a bit to press their lips together.

It's a short kiss. No tongue. But Steve kisses back a little before they pull apart and that's what really matters.

"To experimentation," Billy agrees softly, and clinks his class with Steve's.

They toss back their drinks completely, not bothering to compete - much - and after Steve sets their glasses back on the table, Billy pulls him close again and kisses him.

"Truth or dare, pretty boy?"

—

Steve pushes Billy back onto the couch again so he can lay his head down on Billy's chest again, but this time he looks at him. Doesn't want Billy to think he's freaking out anymore, no matter what happens next.

"Truth."

--

It's clear Steve is still feeling a little on edge, so Billy decides to distract him a bit. They can come back to rimming later. For some reason the essay questions on his college applications come to mind and won't leave, so Billy decides to throw one of those out with a smirk:

"If you could invite any one historical figure to dinner—" He laughs as Steve hits him on the arm, and tries to dodge the second, softer blow, but doesn't block. "I was joking, Harrington, but no, now that's your real question. I have to know," he laughs, holding Steve's arms away from him a little.

—

Steve feels cheated. Here he was, all ready to try and discuss this apparent new level of gay he has yet to reach, and Billy's tossing him softballs like this. *Does he think I can't take it?* Steve thinks morosely, and answers.

"Easy," he says. "Marilyn Monroe. She was hot."

He turns away to get more to drink.

—

Billy's eyebrows raise and his smile goes comically wide. *Marilyn Monroe?* Even Billy can't argue with her attractiveness, but *dinner with her? Over all historical figures?* He doesn't know if he's disappointed or entertained. Or jealous. Because if he's honest with himself - which he's really trying not to be - it does something to his insides knowing that Steve still finds women so attractive. He's heard bisexuality is a thing, but it's different when it's your own boyfriend, he thinks. Billy shoves that feeling down and laughs.

"Marilyn Monroe. Huh, wouldn't have pegged her for your type," he says. "She's not bad, though, for a broad."

—

"Why?" Steve asks curiously. "Who would you have picked?" He hadn't considered that the answer could actually be used to settle on a type of person. More like, do you pick someone who's gonna bore you to tears, like, oh, who knows. Einstein? Or someone who clearly knows how to have a good time.

--

Billy glances at Steve through his lashes, feels preemptively a bit embarrassed. But he knows who he'd make dinner for. The real answer. Not the fake, *Les Paul*, answer he gave to the California State Universities he never *actually* sent the applications for.

"Oscar Wilde," he says. "The writer."

—

“Riiiiight,” Steve says, glad that Billy has refreshed his memory on the fact that it’s a writer they’re talking about, and not someone out of Wrestlemania. Oh, hey, didn’t they have to read one of that dude’s plays in English Lit once? Something boring and confusing, about a baby and a handbag.

He smiles up at Billy. “That’s because you’re smart. You and Oscar would be chewing the fat about plays and books and stuff, while Marilyn and I do shots.”

It’s pretty obvious to him who’d be having the better evening.

--

“Oh you can have your shots,” Billy dismisses, pouring himself more champagne. “Wilde and I are quaffing absinthe and getting so shitfaced I’ll have him into Metallica by evening’s end. Fuck temporal stability.” He drinks. “Besides, it’s not just his writing I want to talk to him for. You don’t remember anything we learned about him in English, do you?” he smirks at Steve. And when Steve shrugs he continues more seriously. “He was a convicted homosexual. Back when you could die for that kind of shit. Kinda fuckin’ badass.”

—

Shit, they used to kill people for that? Steve takes Billy’s glass away from him and takes a drink.

“Well, okay. Maybe Marilyn and me are gonna join you guys,” he concedes. “But Oscar better not start any funny business. That ass of yours is mine.” A terrible thought crosses his mind.

“And *you* better not aim to go home with that guy, either. No matter how hot his writing was.” Shit. Weren’t those Elizabethan Brits into some really kinky stuff, too? Oscar Wilde would probably suck Billy’s ass in a heartbeat.

--

Billy grins and leans in to kiss Steve’s neck, slipping an arm around his lower back.

“Mm you jealous, baby?” he says. “What about you and your Hollywood starlet? Don’t tell me you weren’t planning on seeing what’s really under that pretty white dress of hers.”

--

“*No*,” Steve insists, kissing Billy indignantly. “I mean, yeah, alright, but that’s not— you making out with Oscar Wilde would be way worse!”

He can’t really say why, except for the fact that it would be. Really bad. Right now, he’s the default choice Billy reverts to, the only halfway gay thing on the menu, Billy said so himself. No one else in the neighborhood. But if there was? Someone gay, *and* smart? He’s not that sure how he’d fare in comparison.

Steve looks away, busies himself with refilling their glasses, while he wonders if Billy had someone in California who he would dump Steve for.

--

Billy takes the fresh glass from Steve and pulls him into a kiss. Deepens it. Tries to pay attention to not spilling champagne on the hardwood floors but is more invested in showing Steve just who he wants to make out with.

“You’re a hypocrite, Steve Harrington,” he mutters against his lips when he finally pulls away, biting Steve’s bottom lip a little. “I can’t sleep with a guy who almost *definitely* didn’t give as good head as you do, but you get to go after some tart with a whole *slew* of parts I can’t compete with? Not fair.”

--

“I knew it,” Steve mutters, taking a frustrated sip. “You want to fuck Oscar Wilde. You’d jump his bones as soon as he walked into the room.”

--

Billy shakes his head and leans back to drink as well.

“So what if I did?” he shrugs. “It’d only be for the historical thrill of it. Just a one time thing and then I’d be right back to your sweet ass, baby. He’s not even that hot, anyway. Not like you are.”

--

Frowning, Steve asks, “Wait a second, we’re together in this dream scenario of yours? Like, you and I going steady, and you just run off to spend a night of passion with some writer, and then, what, just come back? Are you fucking kidding me?”

He does know Oscar Wilde is dead. Well, he’s pretty sure. But still. There are probably some other gay writers still alive and kicking.

--

Billy frowns. Yeah, that sounds pretty bad when Steve puts it like that. But, *Marilyn* is still uncomfortably present in his mind. *That bitch.*

“We’re always together in my dream scenarios,” Billy says, because first things first and *oh.* That sounded way more “I love you forever” than he really meant it to. *Whoops.* “I mean, you’re so unbelievably hot…” he tries, but it doesn’t exactly cancel out the other thing. *Shit. Just move on.*

“But fine,” he shrugs. “I won’t fuck around with Oscar Wilde if you’ll keep your hands off Marilyn Monroe. You’re worth way more than a night in bed with a stupid fucking playwright anyway, baby. He doesn’t even have this mole. What the fuck would I do with a boy who doesn’t have this mole?”

He nuzzles into what he’s just now decided is his favorite mole, namely because it’s the one he can most easily access with his mouth from their current position.

--

Alright, when Billy decides to switch on the charm, it’s quite a bit of effort not to be mollified. Steve decides that’s way too much work. He’s feeling too tired to be upset by hypothetical writers Billy might fuck or not fuck, depending on how many moles they have.

“Hmph,” he mumbles, and leans into Billy’s mouth, letting his tongue soothe his worries. The way he is crouching before the couch is starting to get really fucking old, though.

“How about,” he says, gently tugging at the chain of Billy’s pendant, the one with the pretty rock. “How about we move this party to the bed. I want a soft place to stretch my legs and kiss you and stuff.”

--

Billy hums and turns his kisses to Steve’s mouth with a nod.

“Yeah,” he says. “And stuff.” He winks, pulling apart to pour himself another even as his stomach churns a little at the thought of more of this stuff. They’re so close to finishing the bottle now.

--

Steve gets the remaining dregs of champagne for himself and lifts his glass up to Billy for the last time. “To bed,” he says, and knocks the drink back, grimacing. Finally they’ve killed the fucking bottle, though.

He gets up from the cushion, legs feeling a bit wobbly, which may be from kneeling so long, or from the way they’ve been polishing off that champagne in the last half hour. He almost stumbles on the way to get his bag with all their overnight stuff, the blankets and duvets and things, but manages not to fall on his ass in front of his boyfriend. That would be fucking embarrassing.

“Mmmmh, switch off the lights,” he asks Billy, moving ahead to the bedroom, which is dark and cozy. He dumps the bag near the bed and takes a quick bathroom break.

--

Billy groans and sits up from the couch slowly. The wet patch between his thighs has long since become a sticky patch and he grimaces a bit, pulling his legs apart as he stands and picks up the long-ignored glasses of water from the coffee table. He gives the slightly sticky hearth rug and the once again slowing fire one last glance, and turns to the doorway Steve walked through, hitting the

lights with his shoulder as he goes.

The bedroom is colder than by the fire, and Billy hisses and wraps his arms around himself, shivering slightly as he quickly sets the glasses of water on the nightstand. *Blankets. Steve brought blankets in here.* Billy glances at the already made bed, feels the cold duvet, and quickly shucks it of its layers, remaking the bed with the fresh blankets Steve brought for them. They smell like some sweet fabric softener, and normally Billy would hate that, but right now it's the best scent in the world.

--

When Steve comes out of the bathroom, Billy is standing by the bed. *The bed*, Steve thinks, with a flush of pride. It's not his own, but they have been snatching bits of privacy in the oddest of places, the fact that they now have an actual bed to fuck around in as much as they like almost makes Steve sentimental. He crosses the room in a few strides and hugs Billy close to him, the whole wide, buff, solid beauty of him. *The fucking champagne*, he thinks. Alcohol always makes him way more clingy, and prone to declare everyone his love.

"Mmmmh, bed," he sighs happily, "Finally about to lure you into one, I should get a medal…"

—

Billy kisses Steve and smirks.

"Not so fast, pretty boy," he says, pushing him toward the bed. "I need to piss, and I'm gonna need to clean up a bit first anyway. Dried come isn't nearly as good a lube as the fresh stuff," he jokes. "I'll be quick. Drink some water while I'm gone unless you want a champagne hangover in the morning. I've heard they're a bitch."

--

"Blahblah water," Steve mutters to himself when Billy vanishes into the bathroom. Water doesn't rank high in his priorities, the bed does. But when he turns towards it, he realises Billy has already made it with the blankets they brought. The thought of Billy doing that, being

domestic, *for him*, fucking hell. He wishes he had seen it. Fuck, he wishes he had taken *pictures* of that. He knows he's gonna have a hard time believing it otherwise in the morning.

The glass of water on the nightstand catches his eye, and, alright, yeah. He's gonna drink that, soon. *Don't be an idiot*, Steve hears Billy in his head, and he blows imaginary Billy a little raspberry. Being an idiot is his fucking forte. But then he sees that Billy even put down his pillow, and, fuck. He wants to do something romantic and make Billy smirk and call him an idiot, but in the good way.

But how? Cover their bed with fucking rose petals?

Then Steve realises he actually has a whole bouquet of them just lying in the car. *Perfect.*

—

When Billy gets out of the bathroom, wet and clean and a little bit hard, Steve isn't there. Billy frowns.

"Harrington?"

But he isn't in the main room either.

"Babe? What the fuck…?"

—

"Out here," Steve calls from the veranda, and sticks his head into the open door to show Billy that he hasn't been eaten by bears. "Put on some shoes, baby, you gotta see this…"

—

Billy groans and glances around for shoes. Grabs a blanket instead and wraps it around his shoulders. Follows Steve out the door and takes a second to appreciate the sight of him in Billy's jacket and somebody's underwear.

"Mm, you look hot baby," he says, slipping his arms around Steve's hips and holding him close from behind. "But why the hell are we out

here?”

—

“Mmmh…” Steve doesn’t even try to resist the urge to lean into Billy’s arms, it’s been too long since they last touched.

“Look!” Taking care not to dislodge Billy’s hold, he nudges them both closer to the edge of the veranda, where a clearing in the trees creates a view over the lake during daytime but now only shows inky blackness. And a gazillion billion stars. At the very least.

—

Billy does, smiling a little at Steve’s tipsy enthusiasm and stabilizing them both up against the veranda railing as he leans in to follow Steve’s gaze up. It *is* beautiful. And makes the sky in Hawkins look almost goddamn metropolitan.

“Reminds me of the desert,” he breathes against Steve’s hair, wrapping his blanket more firmly around them both.

—

“Woah, you’ve been to a desert? At night?”

Steve leans back into Billy a bit, tilts his head to the side encouragingly, Billy’s lips feel so nice on the side of his neck. The only experience he has with deserts is the countryside around Palm Springs seen through the frosty haze of his parents’ air-conditioned rental. Billy sounds like he at least got to leave the car at some point.

—

Billy chuckles at the wonder in Steve’s voice and presses a line of kisses into his eager neck obediently.

“Yeah I’ve been to a desert,” he says. “There was a little town in Death Valley mom used to like. Took me to a couple times when she and my dad would fight.”

He buries his face deeper in Steve’s neck at the memories and lets his

eyes fall closed. He can feel the twin pendants on his chest pressing cold into his skin and Steve's back over his heart, and it feels grounding. Nice.

"The sky was beautiful, like this, but I hated the rest of it. Always fought and sulked till mom gave in and drove us back home to Him. Thought I'd won when they made up," he scoffs.

Billy blows out an impatient breath and shakes his head. Pulls Steve's earlobe gently between his teeth and licks it.

"But why am I talking about that crap when I've got you here, Harrington? Death Valley's got nothing on your smokin' hot ass, baby," he smirks.

—

"Your mom…" Steve hesitates, goes still. Did she leave without Billy one day, then? Is she even still alive? Did Billy's dad scare her off? He wants to ask, so badly, but he doesn't want to fucking pry, either. It's the first time Billy's mentioned her to him, *ever*. He wants Billy to feel like he's earned that trust.

"You guys were pretty close, huh?" he asks in a casual way, something which Billy can either pick up, or shrug off and ignore and make love to his neck some more.

—

Billy pauses his ministrations on Steve's soft cheek and pulls back a little, frowning.

He settles back in, but this time turns his head back up to the sky. The stars above them, making the cold of the air and the deck below his bare feet all feel unimportant and a bit silly.

"Yeah," he breathes, and the laugh that comes out of him is a little choked. "I was a fuckin' mama's boy when I was a kid. She was so cool, I didn't even really care that people called me that. I loved her."

—

Billy. Mama's boy. Steve bites his lip, screws his eyes shut tight to will his mirth down, because, fuck, that thought is priceless. He can't help the one chuckle that escapes him, squeezes Billy's arm in a silent plea for forgiveness.

"She must have been cool," he mumbles, because yeah, if kid Billy thought so, Steve knows it to be true, Mama's boy or not.

—

Billy knocks his bare thigh against Steve's in the mildest payback for Steve's little laugh, because fuck if that sound isn't the greatest thing.

"Asshole," he sighs against his boyfriend's neck and bites it lightly. "I just said that."

--

"Well, I was agreeing, dipshit," Steve shakes his head, smiling. "And I said it again for emphisez. Ephasis. Fuck. You know what I mean."

He turns his head a bit to get into kissing range, if Billy decides to stop being an ass.

—

Billy raises an amused eyebrow, but lets Steve brush their lips together and smiles into the kiss, deepening it a little. He lets Steve turn around under the blanket just a little so they can properly press together, and drags the fingers of one hand down Steve's bare chest between the opening of his borrowed jean jacket, sliding over under it to tweak an already fully peaked nipple.

"Mm why are we out in this cold right now, anyway, baby? It's fucking freezing," he groans, pressing their whole bodies as close as he possibly can under the blanket. His balls feel like they've up and reverted to being fucking internal organs at this point. "I wanna go back inside and fuck your pretty brains out again," he suggests, leaning his head into Steve's chest as they snuggle close, feeling silly but *warmer*.

"Or better yet," he smirks, "we could go back inside and just get

fucking warm and fall asleep. Who the fuck said champagne is a party drink? I wanna pass out."

--

"But, *stars*," Steve starts to whine, but then Billy shivers with cold, and it's not just a bit of gooseflesh. Right up close to Billy it feels like a fucking whole-body shudder. Steve looks down, frowning.

"Oh my god, are you barefoot?" he asks incredulously, "Are you fucking *kidding* me? I told you to wear shoes, goddammit! Are you insane, do you want to freeze off your toes?? Get back inside!"

He bodily shoves Billy through the open door when he moves way too slowly for Steve's taste, then takes his hand and drags him towards the bedroom. "Get the fuck in bed!"

—

Billy raises his hands in surrender and laughs.

"Alright, alright, I'm going, baby," he says, falling back onto the bed and grabbing for Steve to pull him down too. "Funny you're worried about me losing a toe but not about anything *else* that was hangin' out in that fucking air." He pulls Steve's hand into his cock as a joke, but Steve's hand feels so warm and nice on it he groans.

—

"Mmmh, I know you'd take care of the important bits," Steve smiles, giving Billy a friendly squeeze. "But *honestly*. What would you do without me looking out for you?" Billy hasn't even moved under the covers yet, *stupid*! Steve doesn't want the memory they have of this night to be, *Remember when Billy lost his littlest toe?*

He pulls the covers over both of them now, leaving Billy's cock alone in favor of pulling Billy close to him, half on top of him so he can put his arms around him to get him to warm up a bit. Billy's feet are like ice against his, Steve discovers with an involuntary hiss.

"Mmmh, I'm just gonna give you a few minutes," he warns. "If your feet are still as cold then, I'm getting you a hot water bottle. No way

am I gonna sleep in the same bed as your icicle feet."

—

Billy shakes his head, but snuggles in closer to Steve because this is *exactly* what he needed. He presses his feet up against Steve's equally cold calves half to warm them both and half to annoy him.

"You talk like you weren't out there half-naked too. Y'know, next time you want to do something romantic, Harrington, maybe we should get dressed first. Or, you know, you could just suck my dick," he smirks, and grinds it into Steve's hip. It's still too cold to be responsive though, and any blood rushing toward it just works to make it warm again.

--

"It was still so beautiful though," Steve says dreamily, closing his eyes, just for a little. Just because looking at Billy at such close range makes him go a bit cross-eyed. "I'd do it again."

He yawns, pulls Billy closer, nuzzles Billy's neck, which is still cold, too. "Dammit," he realises then, "I was gonna get us some roses… for rose petals on the bed…"

—

Billy snorts and buries his face in Steve's cold-flushed chest. He's sure that sentence makes a little more sense to Steve, but even so - the insanity of him wanting to put rose petals on the bed. For Billy. Is he *always* this romantic? *King Steve…*

"You're insane," he grins, shaking his head. He turns and sucks Steve's nearest available nipple into his mouth. Nuzzles his chest. "I love it. " He tweaks the other nipple and drags himself up to kiss Steve on the lips.

--

"Mmmh. Love you, too," Steve sighs, and kisses Billy, not even stopping to wonder why Billy sounds like he is choking for a moment. The kiss is sweet and deep and long, and Steve doesn't

remember the end of it before he drifts off.

—

Billy feels the moment Steve loses the battle for consciousness against his lips and pulls away finally. He can't help but stare for a little while, leaning up on his left arm, because Steve is so pretty when he sleeps, even when it's the sleep of a champagne stupor, and because *that word* just came out again and he doesn't know what to believe but his chest is tight either way.

"Fuck, pretty boy," he whispers, and lets himself down again, falling a bit to Steve's side so he can share his pillow, their legs still tangled together completely. "I love you too."

He drifts off in no time at all. Wrapped up in Steve Harrington and feeling like the bubbles of the champagne they drank that night.

Author's Note:

> In case anyone is interested, there are mood-board things for each of the fics in this series up on Theo's tumblr here, great for reblogging and sharing with your friends ;)